



An Ace Reporter Writes Of Charity In The Dust

By Ted Le Berthon

Charity and its synonym or other name, love, have many meanings in an unabridged dictionary, in the minds of men, and on their lips. Restoration has the task of restoring it, among those with eyes to see and ears to hear, to its primary and stupendous and ultimate meaning, enunciated by Saint Paul in the Thirteenth Chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. Because only by restoring this word to its pristine meaning can "all things be restored in Christ," and a Christian social order attained. Only in ratio to the depth and extent and intensity of this world's restoration will a Christian social order be approximated. For charity is Christian love, the purest love of God and man.

Charity is not merely benevolence, nor a humane attitude, nor latitudinarianism towards human frailty, nor a readiness to overlook faults, nor a liberal good humor towards those who oppose one's religious, political and economic views, nor philanthropy, nor almsgiving. It is more than an urbane, good natured, civilized kindness, or a concession that something lovable may be discovered in virtually all persons. Rather, it is *caritas*, it would unite all hearts within the Sacred Heart, it has a regard for sacred origin and destiny, and one's neighbors become not just lovable but dearly beloved.

Christian charity regards each neighbor as infinitely precious. All lesser conceptions of charity or love are but shadows against substance, or perhaps little side roads going towards the one road of clear reality. It is always personal, not impersonal; near, not remote.

A Christian Love Story

The spiritual significance of the Co-Ops and credit union movements is that they express a drawing together for the common weal, helping all by helping one, and helping each by helping all. It is bringing the social body to resemble the Mystical Body, in which all creatures are actually or potentially one in Christ. It is a Christian love story, a wider thing than "boy meets girl." It is the ideal that all are unsafe so long as one is unsafe, the lifting up of the weak to make all stronger. It is a beginning to understanding that each, mystically, is Christ, a social application of the story of the Vine and the branches, an insight into the mandate of Matthew: 25.

These movements are a beginning of Christian charity or love because there is an insight into the fact that not all are equally strong, or equally clever, or equally fortunate. There is a foreshadowing of Co-Ops in the hunting and fishing among some primitive peoples, for the tribe as a whole, in the knowledge that if each family fished solely for itself some might have less luck and go hungry. This is the sort of voluntary communism that the Jesuits introduced in Paraguay. It is love of neighbor, exalted in the Christian community because bound up with love of God.

One of the sorriest manifestations of the ghastly coldness of modern finance capitalism is the depersonalizing and degradation of charity. It has become a commercialized business, wheeling money out of contributors through cunning techniques of coercion and distributing it among the needy through professional social workers, who, carrying heavy "case" loads, rarely can take the time to become personal friends of those they label and classify.

Public charity for the relief of the destitute is carried on through tax moneys, not funds voluntarily given. Semi-public charity, such as exemplified in Community Chests, is often a scheme, in part, by business and financial leaders to keep the tax rate down, and to transfer the bur-

den of involuntary giving to the multitudes themselves by a crafty fixing of quotas.

Alms By Remote Control

It is collective almsgiving, often grudging, rarely spirited, by remote control, and becomes as impersonal as a clearing house report. Many large donors are saving face and acquiring commercially valuable publicity. Rarely indeed, where the giver so rarely intimately contacts the receiver, is the motive one of living love.

There is much intellectual dishonesty and flagrant self-deception in this sort of charity. Once, as a newspaper reporter, I covered a meeting of a businessmen's division in an annual Community Chest campaign in a large American city. A streamer blazoned that year's campaign slogan "Give until it hurts." I wondered how many present gave until it hurt.

So much of this sort of "charity" is really a return to the broken victims of industrial life of an amount far less than they should have received had there been a fairer distribution of the profits. It was a pittance tossed from a considerable fortune representing excessive profits from the multitude's toil. Once there was a widow who gave her mite. Only her kind ever really give until it hurts. The average business leader doesn't know charity.

This kind of "charity"—the public and semi-public kind, the dole, the relief check, the Chest agency assistance—often comes to those who already have gone down the long, ever steeper trail of the bank loan, the automobile and household goods financing, and the pawnbroker's ticket, those hurtful symbols of economic individualism, the exalting of profits above men. No wonder the holy name of charity, dragged into the dust, is in such disrepute among the multitudes. For who likes to be the object of this "charity?"

A Good Handclasp

Co-Ops and credit unions seek to keep one's neighbor and oneself out of the hands of these seneschals of laissez faire economy, so that one's last state does not become worse than one's first. They, the Co-Ops and credit unions, by keeping money circulating within the group, manifest love of neighbor, and approach pure Christian charity. They are personal and intimate, and share rather than exploit. Their neighbors are quite apt to see Christ in the breaking of bread, in the good handclasp, the hearty affection.

The Co-Ops and credit unions are the divine termites which will yet send crashing the foul, rotting tree of economic individualism. For they start small, and are patient, enduring all things, and are not puffed up. They believe and hope. They are love, great love, social love, a beginning of Christian charity, whose other name is love.



On The Credit Side

(By W. C. DWYER)

The parade is just rounding the corner. You are now looking at the band wagon.

If a new movement is getting under way to 'restore all things in Christ' I am happy to march in the parade, especially since the Pope heads it. I am doubly happy to play even a piccolo, or beat the kettle-drums in the band-wagon. Not for the vanity of it, but because the piccolo, small and faint in sound as it is, has its place in any band. The kettle-drum too, has its use. You'd miss it if it were not there.

In any movement to improve Christian life in our land, if I were not identified with the action in some way, I would feel like a slacker. I was fortunate therefore, through the kindness of my Bishop, in meeting the originators of this journal—Eddie Doherty, famous journalist and writer and his none the less celebrated wife, the former Baroness de Hueck, foundress of Friendship House. My part, it seems, in this paper is to observe life in our own country and indicate how it can be restored to Christian fullness.

Living in the banner Province, almost in the middle of our farflung country, there is ample opportunity for observation where West meets East. Were I not given to this

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To Our Subscribers!

Owing to unfortunate delays this issue of "Restoration" reaches you several months late. We apologize and promise it will not happen again if we are able to prevent it.

Catholic Muffs Chance To Explain His Church

By Eddie Doherty

The man with the sign walked up and down before the gates, like a striker on a picket line, a silent and sullen rebuke to the Catholics streaming into the Exposition grounds.

And neither I nor anybody did anything about him!

The words "Jesus Saves" were printed in large black letters, against a dirty white background, on a sign made of cheesecloth and strips of wood. Beneath it, tacked to the pole, was a square of cardboard which, in pencilled scribbling, told the pilgrims they might have the Gospel read to them for the asking.

The man was tall and thin and ill-dressed. He looked hungry, and perhaps he was. His hair was thick and disheveled, and he wore no hat. He glared at everybody as he paced up and down, especially at the Ottawa police who stood on the sidewalk directing the pilgrims to the gates. One had the impression that if the police were not there the young man might have burst into a volley of imprecations, might have called down the wrath of Jehovah on these idolatrous and Maryolatrous children of the "Scarlet Woman of Rome."

Not far away stood an elderly woman with a sheaf of pamphlets in her left hand, which she thrust at all who passed. Her voice was lifted frequently. It was a shrill, jeering, most unpleasant voice. "Read the truth about the woman you call the Virgin. Read what the Bible says about Mary."

And neither I nor anyone else did anything about her!

All this happened months ago, at the Marian Congress in Ottawa; and I am writing about it now not as a news item but as an example of the average Catholic's failure to take advantage of opportunities to explain his religion to non-Catholics—especially to those bitterly opposed to it.

The presence of the young man and the old woman angered me—and probably every other Catholic who noticed them. I remember a little French priest who said, "What a shame!"

Ignorance and Malice

But, like me, he decided to do nothing. "It was to be expected," he said with a sigh. "Ignorance and malice cannot stand this outpouring of love for Our Lady."

Ignorance and malice of course. And we stood there, making no attempt at education or enlightenment.

I recall a seminarian from Brazil—who hopes there will be a Friendship House someday in his country—who was perplexed.

"What does it mean?" he asked. "We too believe that Jesus saves! Why does this man walk up and down like a caged beast and look so scornfully at us?"

"It's a little too subtle to explain fully," I said. "But in North America there are millions of people who think Catholics adore Mary and ignore her Son. That sign is meant as a rebuke to us."

"And he is allowed to insult Catholics this way?"

"It's a free country," was all I could answer.

"And the pamphlet woman—there is no law to prevent her giving this poison to the pilgrims?"

"No law," I said. "Our only remedy is to circulate the truth, and to be as zealous—or as fanatic, if you like—about circulating it as she is about distributing her poisonous propaganda. Let's go in."

I wonder what would have happened if we had taken those two forlorn apostles of error with us, and explained, patiently all that we believed—and why we believed it!

But it was long after the Marian Congress had ended that this thought occurred to me. I had muffed an opportunity. So had everybody else. We Catholics are like that. God forgive us!

To Jesus Through Mary

I don't know that it would have done much good to show these two poor bigoted souls the exhibits that told of Catholic activity in every part of the world. But they would have seen placards everywhere, in English, in Latin, and in French, which stated the purpose of the congress:

"To Jesus through Mary!"

That might have given them a different idea of Catholics. It might have set them thinking—raised some little doubt in their minds to soften

their bigotry. But that, of course, is merely problematic. Sometimes a bigot is more steeped in his own acid when convinced that he is wrong.

Suppose they were told how hard the Catholics, especially the nuns, had worked to make those exhibits interesting! There were a few sisters who came from New York, I was told, to dress the wax figures in some of the exhibits; and they did such a wonderful job that the owner of a big store in Toronto—a Presbyterian, by the way—offered them a nice salary if they would leave the convent and dress his shop windows every week.

Suppose they learned that these hard-working Catholics had worked for nothing but the love of God, for the sake of that same Jesus Who had been used as a symbol of reproach to Catholics!

Suppose they had studied these exhibits—which indicated how the sick poor were cared for, how children were educated and housed, how lepers were tended, how savages had the Gospel preached to them, how tenement houses were renovated or remodelled, how priests and brothers and sisters had spent their lives in the effort to "restore all things in Christ!"

Suppose they had seen that tiny bewhiskered bishop from India walking down the streets, and noticed the reverence of the men and women who knelt and kissed his ring! The bishop had a dark skin, and many of the Catholics thought him a Negro. Yet that stopped nobody from showing him reverence.

Suppose they had visited the tremendous chapel where Mass was celebrated constantly.

Three times malicious bigots tried to set this Peace Chapel afire, I was told. One of them was caught by the police as he attempted to burn it. This was at midnight, and the chapel was crowded with men and women.

"Catholics Adore Idols"

These two people would not have tried anything like arson, but no doubt they would have burned with horror to see the long lines of the faithful passing before the statue of the Virgin of Cap Madeleine.

They would have sneered at the humble ones who kissed the feet and hands of the statue, or who pressed their lips to the gilded rosaries that hung from her fingers, or who carefully wrote out petitions to this thing of wood, and dropped them in a box nearby.

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MAY THE
HOLY SPIRIT
COME DOWN UPON
YOU, AND THE POWER
OF THE MOST HIGH
KEEP YOU FROM SIN.
AMEN.

RESTORATION

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RESTORATION

RESTORARE OMNIA IN CHRISTO—RESTORE ALL THING IN CHRIST—Across the centuries the voice of St. Paul comes to us giving us this answer to our constant quest for happiness and peace.

For the last twenty years the voices of the Holy Pontiffs have been blending with that of St. Paul, with a new urgency. And no wonder! For our world is poised on the brink of disaster and chaos. We all know it. There is in us a restlessness, an uneasiness, that will not be stilled either by the mad pursuit of pleasure or by the feverish gathering of gold and silver—not even by just trying to forget it.

It is there—and our hearts ask uneasily, what of tomorrow? The answer is clear. We must restore all things in Christ or perish. But how to go about it? The task seems too immense, too impossible for the ordinary man and woman, and yet it is so simple. The word RESTORATION holds within itself the main part of the answer. REST—ORA—TION. The middle syllable, is Latin for "pray." That is the centre, and the beginning, of the answer, that ultimately will bring us the peace and happiness we hunger for so intensely.

To RESTORE, TO GIVE BACK—begins with oneself. Each and all of us can start there. Giving ourselves BACK TO CHRIST WHENCE WE CAME, AND TO WHOM WE BELONG. But doing it consciously, willingly it. Lifting ourselves up, up—unto Him Who descended from heaven to be One of us!

It will be hard at first because we have wandered so far away, because for years we have measured all things according to the standards of the world, and not of Christ. But if we begin with the ORA, with prayer, we shall get there. And the greatest and most effective prayer is MASS. Daily Mass, whenever possible (and it almost always is). Then in Him, through Him, with Him, and for Him, we shall gradually change OURSELVES; slowly bringing into our lives His will, His ways, His measures. When we do, then, almost imperceptibly, we shall affect those near to us, then others. Thus the world will begin to be restored in Christ.

There is nothing spectacular in this slow change, except to the eyes of the angels. But within it lies the answer even now to all that frightens and confuses us.

As we grow in the love of God—for only love can make us undertake this task—our knowledge and understanding of God and the ways of God will grow too. For we shall desire with a great desire to know more in order to love better.

It is to this end that our little paper is dedicated, for, even as we behold the possible end (for the servant is not greater than the Master) and we see the Crucifix looming dark against our flaming angry modern skies—we still want to be champions of truth....

Are you ready? Let us start, for this change is from the right hand of the Most High. We are not alone. Christ is with us. And many men and women of goodwill are with us also.

Let us pray together, learn together, work together, so that the world one day may be RESTORED—GIVEN BACK TO HIM WHO CREATED IT.

CATHOLIC EXTREMISM

By Paul Hanly Furfey

In the wide field of Catholic social thought there is ample room for individual differences of opinion. Of course no loyal Catholic would advocate birth control or deny the worker's right to a living wage.

But after due allowance has been made for these and similar limitations, the fact remains that Catholic thinking about social questions shows a considerable range of variation.

Perhaps the most fundamental of these differences exists between those who feel that the present state of society is, on the whole, essentially satisfactory and those who advocate a fundamental reconstruction. These two schools of thought might be called conservative and radical respectively, but these adjectives have acquired connotations which are too definite for our purpose. In this article the terms moderate and extreme will be used instead.

The moderate group justify their position on the ground of realism. They emphasize the fact that one can count on only a moderate amount of good will either among Catholics or among non-Catholics. Since this is the case, they say, let us be satisfied with a moderate and practical program of social reform, instead of making our ideals impossibly high. It is better to try to accomplish a little and succeed rather than try to accomplish a great deal and fail.

The moderate group profess loyalty to the Church's teaching, of course, but they are not inclined to emphasize the less readily acceptable portions of the Church's doctrine and,

where freedom of opinion exists, they are likely to accept those views which are less extreme.

In action this group show the same moderation as in doctrine. They are averse to the more sensational means of propaganda and confine themselves to political action, to social work, and to education as the usual means of effecting social change.

As a result, moderate Catholic social thought advocates charity toward the Negro, but balks at social equality.

It advocates world peace, but takes no action which would greatly offend the militarists. It talks about the living wage, but becomes very cautious in discussing specific strikes. It discusses social justice, but fawns on wealthy men and politicians. It prides itself on its prudence, its moderation, its avoidance of rashness and extremes. If Mr. Babbitt cannot be induced to become a mendicant friar, at least he may be induced to give a hundred dollars to the Community Chest.

The extreme Catholic position, on the other hand, is very frankly idealistic. It holds up an impossibly high standard which, it confesses, will never be widely accepted. It places more emphasis on the grace of God than on political action. It is willing to do justice, though the heavens fall, and ever more ready to practice charity under the same condition. It is profoundly shocked at our treatment of the Negro. And it regards social work as a poor

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TIME GOES SO FAST

At first the words were blurred, meaningless—lost in the great effort she made to utter them. She tried again, and the nurse bent low to listen.

"Time goes so fast," the nurse laughed, professionally. "Doesn't it, though," she said. "Why, it seems only an hour since I came on duty this morning, and here it is almost evening."

But it seemed to the woman's son, who stood near the nurse, that she was thinking of a longer period than that between daylight and dusk. Too much labor, too much will, too much pain had gone into the framing of that thought to mark it as a mere comment on the passage of a few poor hours.

Perhaps she was thinking of a week ago, the morning they wheeled her out to the operating room. She had gone from her room cheerful, smiling, yet certain she would not come back alive.

"I'm ready for Freddie," she said to one of the nurses.

The nurse looked at her blankly. "That's from the funny papers," she explained. "It means I'm ready for the undertaker."

The nurse disapproved of such levity.

"I don't know any jokes," she said.

"Poor child," the woman answered. "If you'd lived in our house you'd have known millions of jokes. There was always fun in our house, even when we were very poor."

A week ago. She had come back alive from the operation. She had opened her eyes to see all her children about her. She had laughed and joked with them, and gone to sleep again. She had believed she was going to live a few years more. She

heartaches, the weariness, the disgust, the terrible heat of summer and the bitter cold of winter?

Did she live again through her courtship and marriage, and the lean hard years when the children were small? The hours of waiting for the doctor to come? City doctors were always so busy! The hours of watching at some little one's bedside? The hours of mourning at some little grave? The hours of teaching the children how to pray, how to button their shoes and dress themselves, how to use a knife and fork, how to live? ... The hours spent writing to those who had grown up and gone away?

Some of her children had married. One had become a priest.

Perhaps that seemed like something of a dream now. Time goes so fast. Only yesterday the children were not. Now they had given her grand children, and great grand children.

Did she remember the comparative ease that came to her in the afternoon of her life? The long train ride to California, the trips to Oregon and New York, and Ottawa and Montreal? The tour of Europe with her daughters and her reverend son?

Did she remember how much she enjoyed that trip abroad? Breakfast and luncheon in bed, served by a stewardess? The slow walks on deck in the sunshine and the wind? The ease of a deck chair and the sound of the ship's orchestra and the friendliness of fellow passengers?

Did she recall that all the rest of her party were seafarers—and remember the time she found her beloved priest leaning perilously over the railing? The laughter that had shaken her then? The uncontrollable

The B's Corner

It is true that I have a great devotion to the Holy Ghost. And why shouldn't I? Did I not once long ago pray FOR HIM instead of TO HIM? Do you know many people who prayed FOR the Holy Ghost? Yet it was the most natural thing in the world to do under the circumstances.

I was about five, a boarder in a convent kindergarten school. A young shining nun was imparting to us our primary knowledge about God and the things of God. When she came to the Holy Ghost she drew a beautiful dove on the blackboard and told us that this was the symbol of The Third Person of the Most Holy Trinity, the spirit of Love, and that it was too bad He was so neglected by the faithful. This impressed me. I felt oh, so sorry for the poor lovely Dove; and began praying for Him every night.

The poor nun pleaded, argued, and even threatened, but I remained steadfast in my pity and my love, and went on blissfully praying FOR the Spirit of Love. Only when I reached the mature age of eight did I finally correct the folly of my childish ways. But, if you ask me, the Holy Ghost kind of liked the idea of a baby's praying for Him, out of the best intentions of her little heart. For ever since He has been so good to me. Anything I ask Him for the extension of God's kingdom He grants. So it is quite true I have a great devotion to Him.

I did not realise how far and wide this fact had spread. I found out when two boys belonging to New York's Friendship House Youth Club went out on the streets to try the baseball bats I had begged for them. Merrily one knocked flies. Suddenly the bat broke in two. Dismayed the batter looked at the two pieces. The catcher said, "Aw don't worry pal. The 'B' and the Holy Ghost will get us a new bat—just like that". And he snapped his fingers. ... And what do you know? He was right. The Holy Ghost got him a new bat, and I got nicknamed, I think for life—"B". So in memory of this little incident, I gave the title to this column.

And in memory of the boy of great faith, I want to make this a youth's corner. For I love youth with a great and abiding love, and my faith in it is unlimited. I believe that they are ready not only to die for Christ, but, what is even more, TO LIVE FOR HIM. I believe that there is widespread interest amongst youth in Catholic Action and the Lay Apostolate. For it is they who have stood by me these long hard seven years that I have worked in the market places of big cities.

What little I have done and learned, they have helped me to do and learn. But life is not static. It is vitally vibrantly dynamic. And there are always new ranks of youth coming up. It is to them as well as to my old "young" friends that this column is being addressed. The kingdom of God needs restoring, extending. The harvest is ripe, the laborers few. HOW ABOUT IT?

Trite familiar words that have almost lost their meaning? Perhaps. But I don't think so. Life is glorious in the service of the Lord. ... His service is joyous. Like youth itself. It is simple too. It is fun. Oh, yes there is more fun within the framework of grace than out of it. Don't believe me? Write and tell me why. Let's thrash it out. Are you seeking happiness? Write and tell me how. Maybe I have a special recipe for it, that you have not heard of yet. Want to be somebody? Write me and let us see if your idea of somebody and mine jive. Are you cooking with gas? Fine. Write me and let us find out if it is the right kind of gas. Have you got a "problem"? Boy! Write me a letter and let us see if we can't solve it.

Someone once called me "a Catholic Dorothy Dix", and I have been dying to find out if it is true. All is well with you? Write again. It is fun to write letters and to have them published with just your initials and to have someone answer them. It is fun arguing in print, and getting to know one another through letters. So "THE B's" CORNER is for youth. High School, College, working, married, single, all kind of youth. Even those who are just young of heart. Let us hear from you, about yourself, about God and the things of God, about love, life and work. Just sit yourself down and write the "B" a letter.

THE FAMILY FRONT



had delighted in the red roses sent by the bishop; and she had expressed her satisfaction in the thought that Freddie wasn't ready for her.

Now she was dying. She knew that. She was so tired. It was so hard to talk, and then she could only whisper. She was so weak. And the day was so terribly hot and damp.

Time goes fast. Or maybe she was thinking of even a longer time than the last seven days. Possibly she was thinking of her whole life.

Did she remember the days in Wisconsin? The little farm? The hills and the hollows? The scent of mullein and pennyroyal, the tinkle of the bell cow as she chased it home at sundown? The bright stones in the creek? The sight of her mother with the ox yoke over her shoulders, and the pails of water hanging at either side, struggling slowly up the green hillside to the tiny log cabin?

Did she remember the first days in the big city, the disillusion, the discomfort, the ugliness, the congestion, the strangeness, and the homesickness for the hills, the fresh air, the woods, the freedom of the farm? Did she remember the jobs she found and the jobs she quit, the

laughter? And the words she said to him? "My poor dear young man! You look deathly ill. Wouldn't you like to see a priest?"

Did she remember the long hours in her chair in the front parlor of her home, with pictures of Our Lady and the Sacred Heart looking at her from the wall? The hours of sitting still, of sleeping, of playing solitaire—or maybe a game of five hundred with one of her sons—of listening to the radio, of saying her rosary? Her knees had pained her for forty years, and often it was difficult to walk. Usually she listened to Sunday Mass over the radio. She liked that, she used to say, because there was never any collection at that Mass. But what she would have given to be able to walk to the church—the church she and several other women had petitioned the archbishop to build some forty years ago, the church she used to scrub on Saturday nights, after she had scrubbed the floors in her own home!

Time goes so fast. Eighty years, it must have seemed to her, had gone by like a day. A day filled with tragedies and joys and triumphs and prayers, and labors and lessons and

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COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

Many friends have been writing to us and asking—where is Combermere, and what are you doing there? Combermere is about 120 miles west of Ottawa, in the province of Ontario, near Algonquin Park. It is a charming little village on one of the most picturesque Canadian rivers—the Madawaska, which also has the honor, if legends are true, of being one of the waterways used by St. Jean Brebeuf on his long missionary journeys.

Madonna House is located one mile outside of the village of Combermere, near the little white church of the Sacred Heart; and the Madawaska practically washes its doorstep.

We are doing here what we have always done, working at the extension of Christ's kingdom, Friendship House style. Briefly we are publishing from here the paper, you are reading now. We called it RESTORATION, because TO RESTORE ALL THINGS IN CHRIST, is the one most vital need of our tragic, chaotic days and we hope that by helping to clarify Catholic social thought, by discussing Catholic Action and the Lay Apostolate, we might help in that restoration.

Yes, though dissemination of the knowledge of God and the things and ways of God, is of primary import-

ance, these would be sterile without integrating their very foundation—CARITAS—LOVE—through prayer and the corporal and spiritual works of mercy. So we are engaged in all these.

Beside praying the Mass, Prime, Compline, the Rosary, and other prayers of the Church, we have a Clothing Room from which we distribute such second hand clothing as the charity of our friends and dealers supplies us with. If you have any to spare, PLEASE remember us. The need is immense. Anything and everything in the line of clothing will be gratefully accepted. For all ages and sexes. Old stockings and pieces of material and wool for quilts and rugs too.

Folks who take the clothing leave a little donation for the Church. And most assuredly our reverend Pastor, Father Patrick Dwyer, can use it. For many are the demands of a back-bush rural northern parish, too many to begin to describe. Thus we "kill two birds with one stone," clothe those in need and help the Church of God.

Two libraries are in the process of being catalogued, for adults and for children. If you have good up-to-date Catholic books to spare for either or both of these groups, send them to us. Books in these regions

are priceless and oh so much needed. Also Catholic Magazines and pamphlets. We could use medals, rosaries, holy pictures and prayer books too.

Twenty-seven miles away from us in the village of Madawaska lives Father William Dwyer, cousin to our pastor, and director of the rural life conference of Ontario. Under his guidance we hope to begin, soon working on credit unions and co-operatives, in which he has had much experience, and which are listed by the Holy Pontiffs as among the best economic means of that restoration of the world to God we are so keen about.

Study clubs, children's story hours, a handicraft centre, and a Summer School for young Lay Apostles are some of our future dreams. In the meantime we are content to work in the Rural Apostolate of Canada, glad to come "home" again, for it was in Canada almost seventeen years ago that the Friendship House movement was born. It is from here that we crossed the American border and opened Friendship Houses in New York City, Chicago, and Marathon, Wisconsin.

In the next issues of RESTORATION we will tell you more about Combermere, Madonna House, our work, our lives and our dreams here. Won't you send us your subscription? One dollar a year. To Madonna House, Combermere, Ontario, Canada. Thank you.

CATHOLIC MUFFS CHANCE

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But they would have been amazed, perhaps, and possibly shocked out of their convictions, to see how every one of those people suddenly fell to his knees when a little bell rang on the altar, and the priest lifted high the round white Wafer.

That might have given me a chance to say something like this:

"That Wafer, we believe, is the Body of Jesus Christ. See how all these Catholics forget Mary, for the moment, to adore Him. Notice how silent they are, how motionless, how absolutely lost in worship. You see now how Catholics feel about Jesus. Jesus Saves? How inadequate a statement!"

Of course that might have led to a discussion of the "mummery of the Mass," to an argument about transubstantiation, or merely to the voicing of their suspicion and fear and hatred of priests. But it might also have led to their better understanding of the Church.

Here was the Catholic religion all around me, its might, its beauties, its Sacraments, its charities, its history, its thousands of activities, its infinite appeal—and I had left two bigots outside the gates.

You may think it wasn't my place to act in the matter. You may think that, in view of all the seminarians, priests, monsignori, bishops, archbishops, and cardinals who came and went through those gates, I, an ordinary lay man, had no call to do any missionary work.

Yet I don't agree with that idea. Every Catholic, lay or cleric, has an obligation to spread the Faith, to explain, when asked, the doctrines of the Church, and to set an example of Catholicism in every moment of his life.

I not only didn't think of inviting those two blind and bitter people in to see the Church, I didn't even think of bringing them out a sandwich or a cup of coffee.

TIME GOES SO FAST

(Continued from Page Two)

The comforting of others. It had gone swiftly, but she had accomplished much. She had wasted little of it. It had been a full day, a busy day, a holy day, a hard and trying day, a day of glory in spite of all its defeats. And she was not too sorry it was near its end.

Time goes so fast. In a few hours she would die, with a priest at her side, the Viaticum on her tongue, and her children all about her, saying the Rosary. In a few hours she would slip away from all those dear to her—to those who had been dear to her. And she would wait. A little while.

A little while, and all her children would be with her again. And her grand children. And her great grand children. And all their children's children.

Time goes so fast.
And we do so little with it!

take on the look of a grocery store—with jars of choke-cherry jelly, plums, peaches, berries, tomatoes, corn, pickles, and other preserves; and with bins of apples, potatoes, turnips, cabbages, and other vegetables.

Here comes Wilfred Bouchard, another neighbor. Locally his name is pronounced Bashore. He stands on a truck wagon loaded with manure, and manoeuvres his team of horses skillfully around the rock garden and through the rows of maples and elms and willows we planted this spring.

He dumps the load on a flower bed outside our front windows.

"This is old manure," he says. "That's the best manure there is."

I knew, of course, that old violins were the sweetest. But I had never heard anyone say a good word for old manure. A man can learn something every day in Combermere.

Tomorrow, or the next day, or the day after that I shall work that old manure into the old sand and soil, and plant the flowers and shrubs Catherine picked out of her seed catalogues. Tomorrow, or the next day or the day after that—or whenever I can find time. There is a lot of work even on a five-acre farm—especially for a man who has never used his hands before except for fighting or writing or lifting things up to his mouth.

But the job must be attempted soon; for, by the looks of things to-

ON THE CREDIT SIDE

(Continued from Page One)

pastime of scrutinizing life around me, it is thrust upon me by the proposition of the Pope for a new world order. The new order calls upon us all to lay the foundations in our everyday lives, on the truths and moral discipline of the Gospel of Christ. Now, after reading the Pope's statements and to envision the possibility of a golden age of Christian culture and civilization, in our land, we must of necessity, sift as wheat the ways of the people, the social, economic and spiritual things of the nation. We are then well on our way, if these have the ingredients of future peace and prosperity.

To those who are blind to the great social changes of the times we are mere crackpots with our schemes and our theories. But the wide awake Christian will decipher our words and actions and efforts as a glimmer of hope for the attainment of that golden age which we all desire.

Some have said to me, after reading my short messages in the Diocesan Paper: "You hit the nail on the head that time". I could tell by the way they said it that they had not the faintest suspicion that their own heads were the nails I had tried to wallop. But that is the way life goes. It makes for useless work but we must continue. A few take home what we say and get busy with it.

The title assigned to me—"On the Credit Side"—gives me great scope. I may speak of anything under the sun as long as I can show how it can be placed on the credit side. But "The mighty dollar" they say "Makes the world go round". So the burden of my song is money. The music goes round and round and comes out here. No matter what you try to do, it all seems to hinge on money.

It is foolish to fall in love and want to get married unless you have within your "bread-hooks" the feel of a few 'simoleons' and more dollars to come. It is vain to desire an education, own a car, build a home, run a farm or business, write a song, paint a picture, or play a musical instrument unless you have the 'money', to bring these things to you. You cannot bring children into the world, keep your health, cure your ills, clothe your body unless you have the 'money'.

Money, Money, Money! — the cursed stuff—I wish I had a cord of it, to spend on you, the common man. I would educate you to the fact that unless you possess and control the wealth you produce there is nothing ahead of you but the trappings of slavery.

'Slavery' is not too strong a word to use.

There are different kinds of slavery.

You understand slavery to mean chain gangs, iron bars, flogging, and the like. Sure it does. It is very crude slavery.

There is a more refined brand of slavery that hurts as much and more. It flourishes under many and varied guises, like 'democracy', emergency, advanced legislation and education, necessity, shortage, black-market and a host of others too numerous to mention.

A lawyer in Toronto, said the other day to a group of young lawyers that the freedom of the people was being rapidly and boldly dissipated. A few individuals, by gradual steps in legal enactments railroaded through the Order-in-Council method or innocently paraded through our houses of parliament, are contemplating the enslavement of the people.

Nails were needed for repair work on our buildings. I went to the usual places of supply and was told that I could not have any because the quota was all used up. Later I met a man in the 'know' who informed me that I could get any amount of nails at \$70 a keg. Can you imagine the rise in price from seven cents to seventy cents a pound? I'll let the whole shebang fall down before I pay that price for nails. But lots of people are sufficiently enslaved to pay the price asked. The 'necessity' bug clouds their judgment.

The common people are being robbed, fleeced and enslaved, every day by the golden chains of the money grabbers. They seem to like it, because they don't do anything about it.

If you want to escape this kind of slavery there is an open road for you. Begin to learn something about credit unions.

day, winter is coming up fast. They tell me it was a tough winter last year, with the thermometer falling to 48 below zero, and snow drifts piling up to eight feet in some places.

I wonder if it will be as tough a winter as I've known in Chicago.

Five-Acre Meditations

By Eddie Doherty

There is a haze today that softens far outlines and dissolves horizons. And, though it is early September, there is a November tang in the air.

Winter coming up!

It is hard to believe. There are still blueberries all around. Now and then an occasional wild raspberry waves its branches to the passerby, mutely begging him to pluck its fruit lest it fall to the ground; and blackberries lift their snaky ebony heads defiantly above the dusty roads.

Yet, all over this part of Ontario squirrels quarrel among themselves over the ripening hazel nuts. There are haycocks in the fields, and long rows of corn shocks. The mullein stalks are high, and some are many-tined, reminiscent of the Joshua trees of California.

The crows are fat and lazy. They wait until the car is near before they rise on their glossy wings. And there is a fling of gorgeous crimson in the green of a maple tree.

We noticed all this, Catherine and I, as we motored to Eganville this morning. We looked, with a trifle of nostalgia, perhaps, for the brilliance of pumpkins among the shocks, though we realized this is not a pumpkin country.

We stopped at an Indian burying ground, five miles this side of Eganville, on the farm of Charles Kant—a long sandy ridge overlooking the blue waters of Mud Lake—a dreary region on the edge of a plowed field, which has become the happy hunting ground of some Ottawa scientists.

We saw the excavations made by the archaeologists, meticulous geometrical spading—the heaps of dust and sand and rocks they removed, and the weeds and the wildflowers all around. Nothing else.

We poked around with sticks, and the toes of our shoes, hoping to uncover an arrowhead or some other relic. But the men from Ottawa, working with trowels and delicate instruments, had left nothing of any consequence for us to find.

Catherine picked some red flowers, and a handful of wild mint. We bought a bushel of apples. And I talked to Kant, who was busy repairing one of his trucks.

"These archeologists," he said, "say that three different tribes occupied this region in the last thousand years or more. They discovered that through the bits of pottery they found.



And blessed be he who gave the manger shape

"They took out half a dozen or more skeletons. Some of the Indians it seems, had been tortured to death. The bones showed that. All of them were buried in very shallow graves. You'll notice they didn't have to dig down more than twelve inches to get the skeletons, and the copper fish hook, and the other things they took away.

"I plowed the skull off one of those bodies, they were so shallowly buried. That was after the scientists came. Those fellows knew there was an Indian cemetery right there, long before I did. They had maps. They had studied this country for a long time, and they tell me there must be another and larger, graveyard out there on the point."

The Kant farm is full of arrowheads and broken pottery. The plow turns them over every so often. Mr. Kant was not very interested in all that. Neither were we.

Yet I have been thinking ever since that in a thousand years from now, or maybe only a few hundred years, some other scientists may be making the same exact excavations in this territory—to see what sort of civilization prevailed in the Twentieth Century.

I can almost see some young fellow digging up bits of rubbish on these five acres near the Madawaska. Rusty tin cans. Bones buried by Skipper, our Cocker Spaniel. And maybe part of a rosary, or a medal of Our Lady, or even a broken cruci-

fix. And I can almost hear his comments.

"Well, well. This is extraordinary. They seemed to have known about Christ in those days, and to have paid Him some sort of worship. Yet they made a god of the atom bomb—even as the Hebrews made a golden calf and worshipped it while Moses was up on the mountain talking to God."

We arrived home about two o'clock. Ed Marquardt and Desiree Mayhew had begun work on the garage. Ed lives down the road. He's the boss carpenter in this region, the father of six beautiful children, and a man who whistles or sings as he works. Mayhew is our neighbor across the road, a jack of all trades.

Nick was supervising the job, in shorts, moccasins, a red and green "lumberjack" shirt, and a British pith helmet. Nick is Catherine's cousin, Nicholas Makletsoff. He is an architect and an engineer. He is a musician and an artist. It was he, incidentally, who designed the masthead of this paper. And he is the best fisherman in the Ottawa Valley. He spends half the year working in Toronto, and half the year fishing in and around Combermere.

We are putting the garage close to the road; for the roads are kept open in winter, no matter how high the snow drifts may be.

Winter coming up.

Well, we'll be ready for it. Our cellar shelves have already begun to

Christmas

The woman must have been very tired walking by the side of the man, searching for a place to lie down, for her time had come . . .

Infant Christ . . . Have mercy on all the women, who are walking in a war-ruined world today, even as your Mother did—alone, or by the side of their men—searching, searching amongst man-made ruins, for a place to lie down and give birth to You in their children. For again there is no room for you in the world's hearts—worse—there are not even any inns, for man has not only destroyed them on earth, but in his heart, so that Mary and Joseph could not even knock at their doors.

Infant Christ . . . Have mercy, above all, on the women of America, to whom, in Your infinite wisdom, You have given a darker hue of skin, who not only often have no place to give birth to You in their children, but whose children are homeless all through their lives in spirit and in flesh, for white America has seemingly forever closed the inns of their hearts to You in them.

The cave must have been very cold, the straw pallet prickly and hard to her back—and the baby's. What were the thoughts of the man when he saw the poverty and pain of his loved ones?



O, Lord,
your Word
is the light
of my
footsteps

Infant Christ . . . Send the fire of the Holy Ghost to warm a world that is all cold and desolate. In which literally millions of women and their children have nothing but the hard earth to lie upon, which breaks their backs, health and spirit.

On earth only shepherds, humble and poor came to adore and welcome the child—born in a cave—warmed by the breath of brute animals alone.

Infant Christ . . . Spread your infinite love, tenderness and pity on this war-drunk world, that lies in ruin at Your holy childish feet. Give us, Your human children, good will, so that we might earn Your peace, that no man can take from us.

Infant Christ . . . Heal the wounds of strife, in the world. Bring to our glorious shores true understanding, so that we who miraculously have been spared the physical scars of war, might heal the world's spiritual ones and become to the world the hope that we alone can be . . . so that all of us, Your brothers, can enjoy the fruits of charity which is peace . . .

Infant Christ . . . Give us the grace to sing this first Christmas after the war, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will"—and mean it.

IT ALL GOES TOGETHER

The Lay Apostolate is young. The Lay Apostolate is new. Yet both its youth and its newness are of God. For its re-birth is due to the Holy Ghost speaking through the appointed and the anointed representatives of Christ on earth, the Holy Father. And therefore, as all things of God, its development, its ascent is inward. All those who join its ranks, therefore, begin a journey inward without which all their outward activities, sacrifices, works, would be as nothing before God, and could, in fact, rebound not in the extension of the Kingdom of God to which we are dedicated, but that of the Prince of Darkness.

It is a very simple journey, this "Journey Inward" that each lay apostle must take in order to make the Lay Apostolate the true success it must be. It is like God's journey "Outward" from heaven to Bethlehem; from Bethlehem to Nazareth; from Nazareth to Calvary.

The Lay Apostolate starts at Bethlehem. Small, humble, unknown like that hamlet, the lay apostle gives birth to God. Which simply means that having really truly become aware of the true vocation of all Catholics, he makes himself another Mary, and in complete and utter simplicity of Faith, utters his Fiat. Knowing full well that this is the beginning of the end of himself—for from now on he will begin to die to self, so as to be filled with Christ and be able to say with St. Paul—"I live now, not I, but Christ liveth in me."

This first step, this inward realization of his (and humanity's) is the very center, crux, foundation of the Lay Apostolate. He who for an instant loses sight of this beginning and end, loses his way. Yet to give birth to Christ, to be Christ-bearers, is but the first step of the long Journey Inward that lies before the Lay Apostle. The next step is the Hidden Life.

Oh, the Lay Apostle and his apostolate is very visible. For he lives and works in the market place. He is busy about many outward things. He is active in corporal and spiritual works of mercy. Busy binding the many wounds of the Mystical Body of Christ—now in the interracial field, now in the rural one, now on the labor front, now on the teaching one. But as the lay apostle works, his soul is quiet—listening, learning, praying, going about inwardly full of recollection and contemplation. It is at this stage of the Journey Inward that the habits of prayer are acquired. The tranquility of order established. First things placed first. Nazareth teaches the traveller of this Journey Inward how to be one with the poor, how to be one with all men, and to be all things to all men. The hidden life helps him to find out too, the respective places of faith and intellect. Shows him when to use either, and how they are to be used. Brings the first realization of his utter insignificance and smallness, and gives a glimpse of God's perfection and awesomeness, gentleness and mercy, wisdom and holiness. Introduces Mary and Joseph—the legion of angels, the saints. Yes, first things are placed first at this point of the Journey Inward.

But on the journey one does not stand still. Onward to Cana and the public life of Our Lord, moves the Lay Apostle, to sit at His feet and listen. And listening, learn how to witness the

living truth—unto-death. How to become one with Christ the Teacher. How to steep oneself in Love that is a Person, that is God and Man.

It is here that the inward horizons widen. Here that the Lay Apostle learns the real and true Techniques of his apostolate. Understands at long last that they all can and must be summarized in one word—Love. That all the rest—planning, organizing, doing, working, in fact, All activities are but the reflection of the height, depth and width of his love for God and neighbor, and are utterly dependent on it for their True success before the Lord.

It is here, too, that the traveller-apostle on that Journey Inward begins to see that He Must Die to Self in earnest. For Charity dwells only where self decreases and God increases, and in the same proportion. So from now on the Journey Inward will be a Journey of Death, That Will Lead to Life. A paradox? A secret? Yes. Revealed to those who keep on going.

Through the dusty streets of doubt, and the dustier roads of temptation, walking, walking in the footsteps of the Master, the Journey Inward will now take the apostle and teach him the one-ness of all men—the unimportance of works and techniques, the ever growing importance of learning well how to love friends and enemies—how to grow in gentleness, patience, humility, poverty of spirit, simplicity, self-forgetfulness, mercy—how to slowly but surely and never falteringly divest oneself of self—of both outward possessions and inward attachments.

And now the Pasch—Gethsemane—Holy Thursday—Herod—Pilate—The Way of THE CROSS. Yes, the Lay Apostolate is new and young, but neither youth nor newness are obstacles for Love. And so, on fire with Love of God, the Lay Apostle will follow faithfully Christ unto the end. He must. For unless he does, his apostolate will be but a pious dream without substance—a humanitarian endeavor that cannot be lifted up to the Man of Sorrows. No, it is All, or Nothing at All. This is the cross-road of the Journey Inward. A true Lay Apostle will take the turn to the Holy Hill. The ones who have just been toying with the new fashionable shibboleths of pseudo-Catholic action lay apostolate will turn backward.

For the Lay Apostolate, itself, is really but a Series of Sign Posts, at that, Showing, Calling, Leading All Men on that Journey Inward—To find Themselves by Finding God—And having found him, in turn, begin walking in His footsteps. An Endless Chain of Salvation brought from Man to Man. Bringing, too, the extension of God's Kingdom on earth—His peace—true happiness.

That is the true calling, vocation and work of the Lay Apostolate. This Journey Inward—This School of Love—That will Lead to Death of Self—And to Resurrection in Love—In a Love that will be a Fire to set Men's Hearts Aflame—Sign Posts on the Journey Inward, that is the beginning and the end of the Lay Apostolate. But in order to show the way, one must have travelled it to the End—And Know it Well—And Love it infinitely. Of such who do, is the True Lay Apostolate composed—Even though it is New—Even though it is Young.

CATHOLIC EXTREMISM

(Continued from Page Two)

substitute for charity. When we compare these two positions it is well to remember that they both may be held by loyal Catholics, in the sense at least that either position is free from mortal sin. This, however, does not imply that each is equally representative of the spirit of Catholicism. Looking at the question under this latter aspect, I must profess my conviction that what I have called extreme Catholicism represents the true mind of the Church as expressed in her official teachings, in the lives of the saints, and, above all, in the life and teachings of her divine Founder.

In the limits of this article it will, of course, be impossible to justify this view completely. I shall confine myself, therefore, to a consideration of Catholic extremism as exemplified in the New Testament.

(To be continued)

Streamline Serenade

Sing heigh ho for Charity
She isn't what she used to be!
An eight hour shift is now her day;
Her biggest worry is her pay.
(Haloes are quite out of date!)
There's gas to buy for the Ford V8.
Her office groans with bulging files
Crammed with data—plus some miles
Of questions as to race and creed
And how it happens you're in need.
She's noted for efficiency,
So don't expect to get things free,
For she has other things to do
Than smile upon the likes of you.
Yep, too late, she's locked the door!
Office hours from 8 to 4.

Sister M. Philip, C.S.C.

All Men Are Brothers

The Holy Eucharist embraces all men of all races, tongues, and nations. It distinguishes not between Jew and Gentile, barbarian and scythian, slave and free. In all it sees only souls.

Jose Guadalupe Trevine—
The Holy Eucharist.

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